

Woman and the Horse.



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THERE are two really beautiful things in the world—one is a horse; the other is a woman. The difference between them is not in the sleekness of their skins, the brightness of their eyes or the fleetness of their feet, but a horse is never doubtful. A woman—well, you know about that! Now comes the time of year when the girl who for three months has been designing a gown for the horse show has the great pleasure of appearing in it and hoping that she has made every other look like an "also ran" by it. New to you? Well, it may be, but it is the latest slang among the horse women, who have a pleasant liking for their husbands, a real love for their children, but an adoration for their dumb pets.

The horse show in New York might be called the flower show of women, for there are all kinds and conditions of the fair sex. There is the dignified, elderly lady, who uses a diamond studded lorgnette and looks with scorn at the pretty soubrette surrounded by a crowd of admirers and looking to one elderly beau who that creature can be. There is the nouveau riche, who has bought the most expensive box in the show and has not learned that diamonds in daytime are like unto evening clothes before 6 o'clock.

There is the belle of the season. She comes from the land of beautiful horses and lovely women (not to mention the fine whisky)—Kentucky. And when you are told of the position she occupies you look out for velvets and laces and frills and frivols, but instead, knowing that her broadcloth and the horse's skin must shine alike, she wears a tailor made gown of very dark blue cloth made almost brilliant with small red buttons and having on her head what her English cousin calls her "game hat." She has come to see the horses. The men are all very well at night, when one sits in a box, looks one's best and is ready afterward to go to a supper. But the afternoon brings out the girl who knows the points of a horse, the girl who knows how to ride. When at home, she stands and chatters on the big, broad veranda, while the gentlemen are buttoning their gloves, and then she puts out that dainty foot with a charming nonchalance to the nearest man, who gives her a lift as she springs and gets into her saddle like a bird. Truth to tell, the lady would rather have the groom to lift her than a gentleman, because he knows his business. When this girl from Kentucky patted her horse on the neck, the horse raised his head and its eyes brightened, as if to say: "Look at me, I am the very perfection of perfection, and look at this lady, whose cavalier I am. She is as good—almost—as I am."

The very smart girl, who a week ago was wearing a patriotic badge, now has pinned high upon her shoulder, where there is one white orchid, horsey pins to hold it in place. There is the pin that stretches almost across the bodice, representing a four-in-hand, with its horses of diamonds and the coach of sapphires and rubies. There is the winner himself. Bless you, he is cut out of diamonds, with his jockey on him, showing his colors that are of some great house of Scotland. There is the girl who does not care for horses (can such a girl exist?) and whose brooch is a miniature bike, formed of diamonds, with a frame of gold; there are parrots with bodies of diamonds and heads of rubies; there are pins formed entirely of diamonds, and there are woolly dogs, sporting dogs, and, best of all, there is a fox. Oh, how he does run!

There is not a woman at all this function who knows of good form who would dream of wearing a flower pin, a fancy brooch of any description or, in fact, anything with her cloth gown but a sporting pin in the afternoon.

In a conspicuous box, faced so tightly that she can scarcely move, is the last divorcee. She looks happy. Probably she is, but, thank goodness, we are putting divorce out of fashion and soon marriage—good, old marriage—will come in again, and people will learn to love, honor and obey forever and

forever. One would think she would be embarrassed when her ex-husband met her on the promenade on the arm of his chum, but the woman who can calmly listen with plenty of powder on her face while her ex-husband is told in court will blush at nothing. In fact, she whispered loud enough for one of her friends to applaud a little speech as an epigram.

People point out the Vanderbilts, who, after all, are quiet-looking people, but I think more admiration is given to Mrs. John Jacob Astor, in her broadcloth of the new blue, with a velvet toque to match, such as is worn by the czarina of Russia. She looks a very picture. Her eyes are bright as diamonds, and she has that patrician air which is found in the old families of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Massachusetts.

Then there are innumerable big, handsome fellows dancing attendance around pretty little girls and telling of the noble deeds that they performed during the war. According to all accounts, the girls should be walking around with legless men and with armless men, but even if this condition were reached the clever fellows would still keep their eyes and so be able to recognize beauty well dressed. Out come the different horses. Somebody starts the applause as a prize ribbon is given to a lovely bay. A minute after there is a handsome trap, driven by a tall, slender chap, who holds the reins as if he controlled them here as well as at home. Then come the ponies—the dear little ponies—the children cheer, and the pony that gets the prize is made much of, while his proud owner, still in velvet knickerbockers, feels that the rest of the world knows nothing about training horses.

Now, there is fun! Here come the four-in-hands, and on one sits the clever but fat driver, whose enormous coat is only equalled by the large, white pearl buttons on it. Win? Naturally he wins. Providence didn't give him that jolly face not to allow him to win wherever he goes in life or with horses. And around the ring they go, these beauties. Men and women laugh, and the horses neigh for very delight, while the women smile because they look beautiful, and the prettiest girl of all is wondering what her gown shall be next year at the horse show. And nobody knows what it will be next year. Maybe the prettiest girl will be a matron and won't come on for the horse show, but will stay at her home in Kentucky and wonder and wonder how it was she had such a good time last year.

Foolish maiden! Years after, you will tell of this delight to your granddaughter and you will be describing the dress you wore, and you will tell the story by telling of the beaux who dangled about you, of the bright lights, of the gay dresses and beautiful drapeaux, and when some golden haired little girl inquires "Who was your chum?" you will answer, "Bab."

Pat

Don't Snub the Little Ones.

There are households in which the children are scarcely permitted to speak above their breath. This is not at all right. In the home there should be freedom of speech. Children should be encouraged to express, in a modest way, their opinions before their parents and to come to them for advice and counsel in all their difficulties and dilemmas. If this course is pursued, they will not be likely to take any serious steps in after life without either consulting the old folks at home or applying the home standard of propriety to any enterprise they may have in view.

A Queen's Hobby.

The queen of Italy has a hobby of shoe collecting. She has fitted up a large museum filled with the footwear of past celebrities, including shoes worn by Joan of Arc and Marie Antoinette.

HEALTH IN THE DANCE.

"Medicina gymnastica has in all ages justly been of great esteem in the cure of chronic diseases and still continues its reputation, as its usefulness is confirmed by daily experience." So wrote that ingenious musical apothecary, Richard Browne, more than a century and a half ago. These methods, however, died out soon after his time, to be revived in a modified form in our days. But, as a matter of fact, Browne here refers to one particular form of physical exercise—dancing. It is to the goddess Terpsichore that this disciple of Æsculapius bends his knee and asks for assistance. Dancing was to be a powerful auxiliary in the cure of disease and the maintenance of good and lusty health.

This was by no means a new idea. As Browne states, dancing had been advocated in the earliest ages for the cure of diseases. Lysurgus had brought back to Lacedæmonia notions of medical religious dances from India and Egypt, and, adapting these customs to his ruling idea, enacted that the Spartan youth should be brought up to dance symmetrically and gracefully, even in heavy armor. Thus he contrived to combine martial training with a physical exercise which was to make the young men agile and graceful, conferring on them great physiological benefits. In the rival state we find Socrates commending dancing, with a view to educating the mind and body; he, too, looking on dancing as a health giving exercise. In primitive medicine we find dancing taking a no mean part in the occult practices. We may still see it working wonders in many a savage land, the dancing being performed now by the patient, now by the medicine man, according to the more or less exact notions of scientific truth existing in the region.

Dancing was, and is, used chiefly as a means of expelling evils and evil spirits, or, as we now more accurately put it, as a means of "accelerating the elimination of effete and deleterious secretions in the vessels and tissues by physiological action." These notions are not new, even with us. Richard Mulcaster, a celebrated schoolmaster under Queen Elizabeth, recommended that dancing should be taught as a branch of physical training, resulting in the improvement of polite carriage and deportment and a means of keeping the bodies of young children in a healthy condition.

But what has happened since Richard Browne's days? The hours of salubrious enjoyment have been receding steadily, until surely we must have at last arrived at the furthest extremity, or otherwise we shall soon be beginning to dance by daylight again. Of course it is no use railing against fashion. Nevertheless, we cannot help acknowledging that Richard Browne was substantially right in his protest. These old world physicians were the friends of "carpet dances" and what are sometimes called "bread and butter balls." He goes as far as the most enthusiastic could desire: "I believe, indeed, that to dance an hour or more at a convenient time after any meal, according as we find ourselves in a capacity, would be most beneficial." So here we have strong support for our practice of getting up impromptu Ciderella dances on the occasion of a friendly dinner or evening party.

Exercise of any kind is always good, and dancing, bringing as it does most muscles into play, may safely be acknowledged, if not a specific for the cure of disease, at least a means of keeping body and mind in a healthy condition. On one point, at all events, there can be no dispute—the ancients were perfectly right when they declared dancing to be a good educator. It certainly lends grace to movements and general deportment and gives agility and lightness to its devotees. It is a mild form of gymnastics in which all may join, with pleasure to themselves and their companions.

We cannot do better than conclude with the sensible words of Browne: "As for dancing, to persons in health, I shall just take leave to observe that we by no means ought to make a toil of our diversion by making it one continued scene of action, lest we exhaust the spirits and enervate the body, but to sweeten and relieve the active pleasure by frequent intervals of refreshment, by which not only the bad effects which must of necessity be the consequence of a long, uninterrupted succession of motion will be entirely prevented, but the body, by such agreeable exercise, will gain strength and vigor in its actions and be more enabled to preserve and keep up its economy."

Independence of Russian Wives.

In Russia if a man marries an heiress he does not get the finger of her money. There is a marriage settlement, and the wife controls her property as absolutely as the spinster. The financial independence of Russian wives contributes in no small degree to their conjugal happiness.

QUEER WOOLINGS IN SWITZERLAND.

There are very few early marriages among the Swiss. They are, almost to a couple, dependent, not upon wages, but upon land, and it is not he who can work who can afford to marry, but he who owns enough land to produce the necessities of family life. The Swiss are hardy. All the conditions of their existence make them so. The hardest and most ceaseless work is their necessary lot, and that work, as a rule, yields them but the merest sufficiencies. Their summers are summers of cruel labor and their harvests harvests of only just enough sheaves of corn, bins of apples, heaps of cheese, stores of honey, bundles of flax, hemp and wool to insure their bitter winters from nakedness and hunger. They must work, and they must think ahead. They must hoard through all the lavish, luscious summer, or winter will bring them to abject want, want which their neighbors will certainly lack the means and possibly lack the will to relieve.

They have no leisure. They have no time, perhaps no heart, for lovemaking. Their lovemaking before marriage is neither very moving nor very admirable, but the lovemaking that precedes marriages is the least of lovemaking, the chill tremble of light before the full glory of life's day. In Switzerland there is no lovemaking after marriage.

There is something very sad and dreary about a wedding in the canton of Valais. There is no sign of rejoicing, no music, no feasting, not even a day's cessation from the extremely hard work which makes up the daily life—the life of each and every day in this, the hardest, narrowest, poorest of all the Swiss cantons. At daylight, or rather just before daylight, at day dawn, the bride and groom and the few necessary witnesses walk soberly—gloomily it always seems—to church. There is no marriage garment, no flutter of bridal ribbon, no perfumed flush of bridal flowers. All wear their workaday clothes.

The ceremony is briefly—almost sullenly—performed. There are no congratulations. Resignation seems the warmest emotion felt—certainly it is the warmest expressed—and it is not expressed warmly. There is not even a nuptial kiss. The bride is not shy. The bridegroom is not exultant. All seem sullen, all depressed. The priest is paid his scanty fee—the scantiest possible. The depressing, the dreary, the deadly dull function is over. The day has fairly broken now, and all turn away and plod sullenly to their customary back breaking daily toil.

There is no lingering in the church porch for the newly made wife nor for her bridegroom. They must get to their daily work, and get there at once; no delaying work for one five minutes for peasants of Canton Valais. Perhaps both bride and groom feel a little less

like work than is their industrious wont, for both have been up even a little earlier than is their habit. They must part sharply now and each off to work. They will meet later at their frugal 11 o'clock dinner of apple brandy and pulse soup.

Perhaps there are fewer love marriages among the peasants of Valais than in any other part of Europe. Only one brother or one sister of each family is allowed to marry, that the scant family patrimony may never be diminished. A family council, after grave and long cold blooded consideration, decides which brother or sister shall wed—perpetuate the blood, and hand down the meager wealth. For more than one to wed, for inclination to come flouncing in and take risks, would be imprudent, and there is no imprudence in Canton Valais.

They even gamble as they wed and woo, these dumb, numb Swiss stoics—that is, without expense and when they have nothing better (i. e., more financially profitable) to do. They are as prudent—oh, so prudent!—in their gamings as in their marriages. Card playing is both an amusement and an occupation of their dull winters, chiefly so perhaps at Zermatt, but to no small extent all over the republic. They do not play for money, nor for tangible goods or chattels. That would be most un-Swiss. They play for prayers. The day after the play all the losers must go to their village church and pray earnestly for the souls of those who have won. Ah, there is a humorous side to life as we queer humans live it, even in Switzerland!

Wedding gifts are few and far between in Switzerland, it almost goes without saying. But in about half the cantons the bridegroom is expected to bestow largess to the extravagant extent of one pair of new shoes. In some cantons it is the chief bridesmaid who is overwhelmed with this great bounty, in others it is the groomsmen who is so enriched. And bridegrooms have been known to give two pairs of shoes—one to the attendant maiden, one to the groomsmen. In those cantons where marriages are not unattended by function and merrymaking each guest usually receives a handkerchief. Red, the oriental bridal red, is usually their color. Bride or groom provides the stuff, and the bride's girl friends sew them.

The bride's wedding dress—if she have one, which happens about one time in three—is a somber garment. The Swiss make but little use of color, especially the women. The men sometimes paint their houses gayly. The women are rarely gayly dressed.

In some cantons the driving of the dowry cart from the bride's old house to her new is an important and consequential function, as it or some analogous custom is in so many, many parts of the world. A. N.

A SHREWD BUSINESS WOMAN.



Miss Johnstone Bennett enjoys the proud distinction of being the only woman in America who has conducted a men's furnishing goods store and her own starring tour at one and the same time. But Miss Bennett is one of the keenest women in America, and when she found a short time ago that her lesser interest, the haberdashery in New York, was interfering with her more important one, the starring tour, she promptly abandoned the former, although it was said to be paying handsomely at the time. Miss Bennett's business acumen was never better illustrated than when she opened her store, except perhaps when she abandoned it. She had long been written up in the newspapers because of her mannish attire and exquisite taste in neckwear of the masculine type which she affected, and her incursion into the walks of trade was made with the intention of taking full advantage of the enormous amount of free advertising which her eccentricity in dress had brought. She knew when to start the haberdashery; that was bright. She knew when to close it; that was much brighter.